

# The Evening Herald

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Monday, Sept. 21, 1931

## Don't Ship Culls

THE reason that the manufacturer of breakfast foods can prepare and place a handful of grain in a pretty package and sell it at a fancy price while the farmer who grew the grain suffers by reason of low price is that the manufacturer knows buying psychology. He offers the housewife something she wants packed in a fashion that appeals to her. His product arouses desire and the consuming public is willing to pay a good price for what it wants. The same thing applies to potatoes. If Klamath county feeds its culls to the sheep, hogs and cattle that need those culls for food and sells only its top grade potatoes properly sacked its growers will always have a market for their crops.

This statement emanated from no less an authority than George J. Cannon of the agricultural department of the Great Northern Railway. Mr. Cannon has been in the potato business all his life and knows whereof he speaks.

Here is another statement: "Never abuse the confidence of the trade. Never sacrifice your grade. Klamath potatoes in common with a few other western potatoes bring premium prices on the market. That premium is the result of known quality, and once let the impression get about in the minds of the buyers that that quality is being impaired and the premium will disappear. Once gone it would take many years to rebuild."

H. E. Drobish, secretary of the Pacific Northwest Potato Commission, is employed by the states of Washington, Idaho and Montana and the United States Department of Agriculture to assist the potato growers of the northwest with statistical information on crop conditions, markets, etc. His remarks as reported above should bear weight.

The development of the potato industry in this district has an interesting history as traced by C. A. Henderson, Klamath county agricultural agent—the man, by the way, largely responsible for its development. As an income producer for this county's growers it has developed from \$60,000 in 1923 to \$1,300,000 last year. Its importance can hardly be over-emphasized. Until about 15 years ago consumers were satisfied with a much lower grade potato than they now demand. These potatoes were irregular and the eyes were far back in the potato. Then came the development of the peeling machine now used by almost every large hotel and restaurant in the country. With the poorer potatoes the waste was very heavy, running often as high as fifty per cent. The new machinery demanded better quality and a standard size and shape. Finally it was discovered that the Nettle Gem filled all requirements. The growers in Idaho and Washington began to reap a harvest of premium prices. Experimentation has proved that this variety can only be grown successfully in about one-third of Idaho, one-third of Oregon, one-fourth of Washington and small portions of California, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado and Utah.

Klamath county is located in one of these few favored spots. The eastern potatoes although close to the great eastern markets cannot compete with our own product. The buyers will pay higher freight charges and a premium price besides to secure them. The small growing area seems to insure a reasonable price under all ordinary conditions. Additionally is this county fortunate in another great market—California and the Hawaiian Islands. We are almost equi-distant between the large cities of the south and the other growing areas. We can capitalize speedy delivery and freight differential. That market should be ours now and forever to come.

Prices this year will probably be lower. They are governed as in all other industry by the buying power of the consuming public and the volume of output. This year's volume of 361,000,000 bushels as against the 1930 crop of 343,000,000 bushels shows an increase in production of 18,000,000 bushels. This surplus is not quite as bad as it appears at first glance, however, as 10,000,000 bushels of the excess were in the form of early potatoes already absorbed by the market. With the market soft by reason of lowered buying power and a surplus of 8,000,000 bushels over last year probabilities are that prices will not be as high as previously. Crop conditions in the eleven western producing states have been bad this year. Production dropped 15,000,000 bushels as against last year. Only fifteen per cent of the total crop will be produced in these states as against twenty-one per cent last year. Premiums for our Klamath potatoes and for those of our sister states will be higher in all probability than in recent years. Whether the increased premiums will offset the general market drop and insure to our growers a price commensurate with last year is problematical.

Klamath county showed a potato acreage increase this year of thirty-five per cent. Unusual weather conditions have handicapped the growers and it is doubtful if the average yield will be much over 100 sacks per acre as compared with the 160 sacks average of last season.

All of this information indicates only one thing:

Klamath county is in a most fortunate position as regards potato production and markets. The future for our growers is bright. The industry dove-tails beautifully with stock raising which can handle the lower grades and culls as feed. Our problem is to maintain the premium the trade will pay for our top grades. That we will do if we maintain quality and do not ship the culls. Klamath county by proper marketing can and will become the potato capital of the earth.

## Your Health

By Dr. Morris Fishbein, Editor  
 Journal of the American  
 Medical Association.

One of the most amusing performances ever witnessed by the people of these United States, directly or in the movies, was the cross-country marathon promoted by C. C. Pyle. Just what that was planned to prove, or just what relationship it might have to the general subject of health, has not yet become apparent.

One of the difficulties with the whole physical culture and athletic movement has been the creation of outdoor fanatics, marathon runners, hundred-mile pedestrians and similar enthusiasts who believe that the road to health lies in the exceptional performance rather than in well-conducted and suitably regulated physical activities.

No doubt, the 100-mile walker is a healthful person or he could not walk 100 miles, but the average man has little occasion to walk 100 miles and does not need the 100-mile equipment.

Man, like other domesticated animals, did not always live indoors. Modern investigations indicate that a certain amount of time outdoors is beneficial to health. But outdoor exercise to the point of overfatigue, of irritating sunburn, or of undue exposure to the elements is likely to do as much harm as good.

Various authorities have suggested the amounts of muscular activity desirable for persons of various ages. Hetherington of the University of California suggested four hours of muscular activity for the age of 5 years, five hours from 7 to 9, six hours from 11 to 13, five hours from 13 to 16, three hours from 16 to 18, and two hours daily from 18 to 25 as the proper amounts. Williams states that one hour should be given daily to activities involving the use of the large muscles of the body after 20 years of age, and that anything less than that will result in physical deterioration. Man should not live for the muscles alone. Think of Sanders! Think of Bernard Macfadden! But maybe some people want to be Sanders or Macfaddens.

Exercise has the value for the young of stimulating body growth. Swimming, walking, golf, horseback riding, fishing and gardening are sports to exercise suitable to all ages. Competitive sports are available and useful up to the age of 30 years of age may do more damage than good. Calisthenics, daily doses and similar exercises are valuable within limitations, but our tendency is to become exercise fanatics if we do not become fanatics about something else.

## Office Cat

By Junius

They call a sailing vessel "she," not because her rigging is so expensive, suggests the office boy, but because she makes her best showing in the wind.

There may not be much in a name, but some names have an awful lot of names in them. . . . It is fortunate for the average man that he doesn't know half the things he would like to know. . . . Unavoidable poetry is the kind folks pay to have printed. . . . We can't recall ever having heard a soprano singing in such a way that her words could be understood. But then, we never remember feeling that it made much difference. . . . Even if you can't tell a mother and her daughter apart nowadays there is little

more the small town which wants more industries must dress up. J. S. Blue, of American Gas and Electric Company, in Nation's Business.

If the president would talk at his press conferences as I do at mine, he would not have any trouble.—Secretary of War Hurley.

A country is like an individual. It can not keep in a solvent position forever if expenditures exceed income.—Philip Snowden.

I'll probably live 10 years longer.—Thomas A. Edison.

## Tips on Keeping Up-to-Date

BY ALICIA HART



girls, however, are not the only ones who make this mistake. Everything about your vanity case must be exactly right. If you use rachel powder in your dressing table, then be sure you have rachel powder in the vanity. And the shades of the two must be identical. The rouge, too, must be the same as that which you use at home.

New vanity cases that are marketed with efficiency are on the market. You can, of course, secure them with lipstick included in the case. One of the smartest, which is oblong in shape, has two generous compartments as large as the case itself for rouge and powder. The two are separated by a metal mirror.

The idea in designing the new vanity cases seems to be to get as large an amount as possible of the cosmetics into very small space. If you use paste rouge, such as that in the "L'Oréal" line, check and lips, then a vanity case containing only powder is all you need in addition to your rouge. Paste rouge comes in tube form as well as in the usual small round boxes.

Loose powder cases have been vastly improved. Many women prefer them because there is no question about matching the compact powder with that on the dressing table. Both come from the same box. The device to sift out the powder as it is required vary, but all of the new ones are good.

The next time you need to replenish your vanity case, instead of calling for a refill look over the new cases on the counter. You may find one which you like much better. They're clever, those cosmetic manufacturers.

## SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"Boss, may I sit down close to the mike this evening? My girl promised to tune in on our program."

## GUILTY LIPS By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

CHAPTER XXVIII  
 Johnson had risen. He seemed delighted that his mission had been a success. Before Mark could interrupt the man was gone. The food Johnson had ordered remained untouched on the counter. Mark frowned. Here was a situation indeed! Johnson had rushed out assuming Mark was committing himself when in actuality he had done nothing of the sort. "I don't have to go," Mark told himself. "I don't have to go just because Johnson thinks I will. Now, what in the world is dad up to? Does he really mean it, I wonder?"

Complete surrender on the part of F. M. Travers seemed too much to expect. Yet his father had sent for him. There was consolation in that thought. If Mark went it would be to ease his father's mind, the happiest when in reconciliation. That was indeed a triumph!

"And if I don't go," came the after-thought, "old Johnson will probably get haded!"

Mark lunched with the problem still smoldering. He thought of it repeatedly throughout the afternoon. At 5:45 he was standing in his father luxuriously carpeted private office.

"You mean," Mark said, slowly, "that you'll do all that? You really mean it?"

The elder Travers leaned back in his desk chair. "I will. That, and more! I am only asking you to meet my terms, and here they are—"

Travers eyed his son levelly. "When I make a bargain," he began, "I expect full return for my money. Otherwise I'm not interested. And if you agree to what I'm suggesting I'll expect you to keep that agreement as rigidly as any business contract."

"Let's hear those terms you mention," Mark said.

"All right. Here they are. You are to return to employment in this organization on exactly an equal footing with other employees. Your salary will be on a fixed basis of your work. If at the end of a year you are not doing as well as the other employees, you have in you the making of a real business man you will come into the company as a junior officer, with a certain amount of stock to your credit. It will be a year of hard work, possibly in half a dozen different departments. I will issue strict orders no favors are to be shown you because you happen to bear my name. Well—what do you think of it?"

"Father! You honestly mean this?"

"Would I be sitting here waiting hours when I might be much more comfortable at home if I didn't mean it?"

Emotion he could not find words for overwhelmed Mark. He flushed. "See, Dad, that's—there's my quitting moment!" he exclaimed. "I want to tell you I've been sorry a good many times for the things I said that night—I didn't mean what I said—"

"Not then forget it! I've said things I didn't mean and been sorry about them ever since. It's been hard on your mother, though, to have you away."

"I know. I'm sorry for that, too. Oh, Dad—I'll show you up on this thing! I'll show you I can make good, too! You'll see that I've changed about a lot of things!"

The elder Travers was on his feet, hand outstretched. He took Mark's hand in his and shook it firmly. "Then it's agreed," he said. "When can you start?"

"Why—why almost any time. I'll be ready to quit tomorrow at Blossomdale's." The red of his cheeks deepened. "You knew, I suppose, that's where I've been."

so had inside. Anyhow your mother and I need you, Mark. That's one reason. The other is this business in Spain.

"You remember—maybe you don't—though—that Jules was in this country for a Spanish copper mining concern when Alicia met him? Looking for American capital. Well, he persuaded me to go into the thing rather heavily. That was two years ago. Going on three, now, and it's a bigger loss every year. It's come to the place where I've got to know what's going on—"

Mark had been following the words wide-eyed. "But, Dad, I don't know anything about copper mining!"

"No. You don't. It isn't going to be necessary. I've got a man who knows all about it going over next month. You see, Mark, I can stand the loss. They come and we take them and fight it out on some other line. An assistant manager over there and you over there for is to find out just how much Jules is in on this business. I want to know if the deal is square. If it is—we go on with it and fight. If Alicia's husband, in spite of his high-sounding titles, is just another foreign crook, I want to know that, too."

"You'll go over there ahead of Moffet, the engineer. There's been nothing said or done as yet to arouse suspicion. That's why the trip must be made at this time. And you're the one to make it. Don't you see I can't send an ordinary employee over there and tell him what's in my mind about my own son-in-law? Besides, you can go about with Jules as no employee could—"

"It's a spying job you're asking me to undertake, is it? Not so hot-headed. It's nothing on earth but a straight business deal. I want you to go to France for three weeks, drop over at this mine and have a look at it, go to see Jules and Alicia and make certain inquiries about Jules. It's a thing that's done every day in business. A man has to know his associates are honest. If they're dishonest, he has to out-smart them. Well, that's a very brief outline. We'll go over the whole thing in detail later. You're working for me on this job, Mark. Directly under my orders, and no one else!"

Mark met his glance. "No use to pretend what it's all about," he said. "But I'll try to do what you ask. How long will I be abroad?"

"That depends. Ought to make the trip, I should say, in a month or five weeks. We'll see how it works out."

The young man was smiling. "Well, my month in France is certainly no hardship. Be able to stop over a day or so in Paris, will it? Say—I'll get a kick out of showing Norma Paris."

The father pursed his lips. "Certainly you can spend a day or two in Paris. Matter of fact, on the surface, this journey is to appear a pleasure trip. You're to do all the things you would if you were on vacation. Jules and Alicia will assume that's why you're there. On this other matter of taking—"

"Norma—well, I'm afraid that's out of the question."

"But, Dad—"

"It will be better for you," his father went on evenly, "and also for your wife if you make this trip alone. In the first place, though you are to seem to be on a pleasure trip, you'll really be working. It's my conviction of mine that a man can't keep his mind on business when he's traveling with his wife. Arbitrary ruling of the company. If I let you take Norma along it would be favoritism and I told you there was to be none. On the other hand, she can be more comfortable here. We'll see that

everything is done for her. It would please your mother if she could come to the house and see you while you're gone. When this year's ended, and you've proven you know how to work—if you do—you and she can take a three or four months' trip abroad, and do it properly."

Mark said slowly. "I hate to leave her, but, as you say, it may be best. Five weeks is a long time, though—"

"Why, five weeks is nothing! Well—do you think you understand your first assignment, Mark? I'll be tied up at the store until Saturday, of course. When will you go over the whole thing with me?"

"On Monday, Monday morning. By the way, your mother and I would like to have you and Norma come to dinner Sunday evening."

Mark's eyes brightened. "Fine!" he said. "By George—do you know what time it's getting to be? Look at that clock!"

The dial of the handsome bronze timepiece on the book case indicated it was after 5:30.

"Norma'll be phoning the police!" Mark explained. "I'd better call her right away." He picked up the telephone from his father's desk and gave the number. Presently he was saying into the mouthpiece, "I'm on my way home, Norma. Everything's O.K. Got a lot to tell you. No, it will have to wait until I get there. It's good news, though. Wonderful! See you in half an hour!"

The elder Travers was standing, hat and overcoat on. "Harvey's downstairs with the car," he announced. "Run you out!"

"Thanks. It'll be a big favor." On the threshold—just before they left the room—Mark turned and clasped his hand on his father's arm. "Dad," he said, fumbling for the words, "I wish I could tell you how I appreciate all this—"

"That's all right!"

The interview was ended. The door closed and the corridor to the elevator car. Throughout the drive to the east side apartment their talk was of irrelevant subjects.

The big limousine paused long enough for Mark to step to the sidewalk and then started away. Thirty minutes later F. M. Travers was relinquishing his hat and coat to a servant.

"Where's Mrs. Travers?" he asked.

"I think she's in her room, sir. She said dinner would be at 7:30."

"Yes, of course." Travers mounted the stairs heavily. He was not unusually stout, rather well built for one of his years, but he had worked hard his life and moved customarily as though he was tired.

Before a door at the head of the stairs he paused and knocked. A voice inside called, "Who is it?"

"It's I—Frank."

"Come in, dear." Travers opened the door. His wife, in a low-cut gown of gray lace, turned from the dressing table and came toward him. "Oh, Frank!" she cried, "did you see him?"

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Would you picture for yourself American advertising as it existed two decades ago? Follow business, then, as it seeks the markets of the world. Survey with men in American advertising agencies, the field of media in Britain, on the Continent, in South America, in the Far East.

There, in circulation claims, chaos still prevails. Expensive research and constant vigilance are needed in buying space. Advertising must surmount a needless hurdle—an obstacle which in this country has been removed forever.

Facing the same conditions under which advertising still struggles in other lands, American advertising sixteen years ago demanded a change. The regulatory force came from within. Advertisers, advertising agencies and publishers joined in founding the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Everybody today knows the plainly printed reports of the A. B. C. They cover almost every important publication. They are packed with facts which the wise buyer of space takes pains to heed.

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